

Sweet dreams

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Sweet dreams

by [Vagabond_Anon](#)

Summary

The torment of a dream to drown in, and the joy of a nightmare set free.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

She had through no small amount of hard work successfully built a life for herself over the years after the *Beast* was dead and shackles gone. A free woman able to find her place within the world anew. Unsurprisingly, to her friends at least, she quickly worked her way through multiple degrees while doing so, but what did eventually surprise them was in what fields.

The first was an entirely expected full Masters in business management. She just took all the tests required in something about a week, and then petitioned her way out of credit requirements by submitting long form essays on anything the college demanded over a second. She already had a lifetime of first hand experience under the most hostile of conditions imaginable tempered by life lessons to draw upon.

By the first anniversary of the final battle she had climbed her way back into society's upper reaches. At which time she pursued a second degree that was in, of all things, *pottery*. Accomplished on weekends with some actual class attendance this time she claimed it was purely for herself.

That much was true.

She made tea sets formed from clay by her own hands, decorated them with delicate brush strokes, and cured them all in a special kiln installed in a dedicated studio space in her penthouse. She claimed it was a hobby with pride to be had in making something utterly mundane for once.

That much was only *partially* true.

She would frequently produce things purely to give them as gifts to those who had given their all to help her cause, but this was also not her only ulterior motive. There was a private personal motive that drove the enterprise. She had an itch. A *horribly burning itch* that on bad days consumed her body and mind completely, and it could not under any circumstance ever be allowed to be scratched. Doing something time consuming and focus intensive helped stave it off though. So she would settle in to quiet moments listening to the bearings of her wheel and give form to functional clay creations.

Throughout the next year specific people among her private social circle started to move around with their own lives under way, and *the itch* came back worse then ever. She threw herself into a new accelerated double major of *History and Archaeology* to compensate. A few months later she was producing reproductions of ancient relics for the national museums to put on public display. The work of recreating ceramic historical artifacts from pictures of fragments was extremely tedious, extremely research intensive, and the constructive process for authenticity was always blissfully *agonizingly* focus hungry. Between work, scheduled outings, and the *hobby* she barely had time to think.

Which worked *wonderfully*.

Until the end of the third year when *it* returned yet again with an unholy vengeance that would not be kept at bay so easily. There were now nights that got so bad she occasionally

couldn't sleep. The impossibly hot urges would swell from her sweating flesh, but crash against her indomitable will which continued to outright refuse indulging them.

She knew the *cause* of that itch had to be a piece of her mind she greatly wished to *erase* by any means necessary, but she knew that was impossible. And ever attempting to get professional help to figure how to actually manage it was basically suicidal. The second she so much as called a therapist with mental health concerns she knew her life would be over, all because of everything her *mother* had done under her own *straight-jacket worthy insanity*.

So she would toss and turn in her silk sheets careful to deprive her aching arousal any form of stimulation, occupied her fingers with crafting new small works of fine art so they could not drift to her loins, and focused her mind on work while stalking offices like a coiled cobra. All while the *focus* of that itch contentedly lazed about her apartment once again for the winter. Everyone would be coming to spend time together over the end of the year eventually, but Imouto always came first. While otherwise always technically in reach with her own modest accommodations a few hours away, she always stayed in a guest room to be there for the holiday season.

And that time was always both the best point of the year, *and the worst*.

Even a whiff of the woman's secretly owned vanilla perfume lingering about the studio after she came in to observe was enough to destroy her productivity for the day. A languid stretch across a chair or couch leaving the barest swaths of toned flesh exposed. A ghost of a soft touch remaining for hours after brushing past each other while moving about the modern living space. It was maddening how effective such small things among others were in cracking her will. But after everything they suffered through the alternative of going without such time with her long lost little sister would be *soul shattering*. So she endured it all, no matter what fresh hell her dear *sometimes sweet* Imouto would inadvertently create.

“*Neh.*”

Pouring over a trio of large worn albums she put pictures she had been studying for exact details back into their protective sleeves, and glanced up from the yellowing delicate pages to find a cup of tea on the table beside her. She who was responsible for leaving it there pulling back her arm to cup a steaming mug under her chin to blow on it. Soft lips puckering and bending to direct the softest flow of air that would ever usually pass them into a hot liquid's surface.

Snapping the book shut Satsuki shoved it and the others as far away from the teacup as physically possible, before ripping the reading glasses off her face to point them accusingly at the red sweater-dress wearing *succubus*-

Sister.

Sister.

“How many times are you going to disregard my instructions to never, *ever*, bring anything that can spill or stain to this specific desk?”

Occupying her mouth with hot-chocolate the eternal troublemaker just gave her a coy shrug. Glancing back down at the cup Satsuki was quick to scoop it up, and set the glasses down so she could wipe the table surface to make sure not a drop had been left behind.

“At least put something under it.”

Mug lowered Ryuko just smiled before she licked her lips clean of cocoa. Turning around she slowly walked across the large room to a round table encircled by bench seating. When Satsuki followed she got a simple matter-of-fact answer.

“Couldn't find one.”

Along the way her focus split between not spilling anything onto pristine white flooring, and the shapely posterior wrapped in tight red fabric swaying in front of her until Ryuko turned to slide her legs under the table. The short dress hem rode up from already well above her knees, showed ever more firm thigh like seemingly all her skirts, and sank comfortably into a plush white surface to get comfortable. Pinching the bridge of her nose in annoyance, *and to physically avert her horrid gaze*, Satsuki took the seat across per the usual.

“I have something around thirty saucers *alone*. If there is one thing in this penthouse it is plates and potential coasters.”

Ryuko's left arm reached out across the back row of cushions to pull a mint green square pillow below the ever prominent swell of her chest. Slouching down further into the seat she was left high enough to have her mug available, and low enough to gently tap Satsuki's shin underneath with a toe clad in white sock. The tea was hot, and a welcome distraction from *the distraction*.

“How am *I* supposed to know which ones are for using?”

Sliding foot out of a slipper Satsuki knocked the toes away, crossed her knees, and kept the foot forward to redirect more attempts of minor violence against her jeans.

“I would imagine by simply being in my kitchen cupboards one could deduce their purpose as *active duty circulation*.”

Still sitting low while slowly taking sips Ryuko's upper half did not move while her foot went on an offensive. Feinting a side strike she baited the defense sufficiently away to dive for the now abandoned slipper. Scooping its mouth with her toes she quickly dragged it back over before it could be reclaimed.

“I thought the glass doors were because ya put them on display like all the others, Sats.”

Getting her foot into the slipper Ryuko put it forth toward the opposite, still wearing its fuzzy armor where it rested on the floor, to tap it. Rising to the challenge Satsuki switched her knees up and reengaged. Both trying to *un-shoe* the other in a series of light kicks, taps, and sudden sliding tugs.

“The shower is also encased in glass, that does not make it a human *display case*.”

Not falling for another feint Satsuki followed it by hooking the furthest forward edge of the rubber sole behind Ryuko's heel, and waited for the woman to pull back to defeat herself. She didn't expect Ryuko to stop her movements completely, or respond as she did.

“It isn't?”

Neither moved. Satsuki just locked onto a face splitting into another small smile. Cheeks dusting in a faint red that made the woman positively adorable, and made Satsuki positively *ache*.

“One does not live in a shower like cutlery the drawers.”

“But it's still glass right? Curtain does the same while being solid cover.”

“Glass is nigh impervious to knocks that would throw suds and water all over the floor. *That* is a safety hazard. The material itself functions in its respective role.”

“You can still knock it and make a mess. Worse with shards of glass that get sent everywhere... *You panicking...*”

Memories of an incident last winter came up. An accident somewhere after dark where a mindless elbow crashed through a shower door. A noise that ripped Satsuki from her work and made her sprint as quickly as possible to find out what had happened. A million thoughts of horrible circumstance rolling until catching sight of an embarrassed Ryuko frozen in place with suds in her hair, and not a stitch concealing her impossibly perfect womanly curves.

“Most people are not *you*.”

“Sorry-”

“Accidents are accidents.”

That incident, and the resulting forced realization her sister was not an *already buxom* teenage girl anymore, may have had something to do with the latest resurgence of her *itch*. The notion of nudity actually affecting her after everything she'd experienced another conundrum no amount of logic ever seemed to explain. Chalking it up to *the human condition* she took another sip.

Lost in thought she didn't notice the movement below the table until it was too late. Escaping the stalemate Ryuko's slipper went down to employ the motion that had been attempted against her. Catching the back of Satsuki's slipper down just far enough the retreating foot accidentally surrendered its own armor. Mistake unsalvageable Satsuki could do nothing as Ryuko dragged the second slipper over, snuck her unshod foot into it to claim it, and tapped them against the floor in victory.

“Is there a particular reason you have interrupted my work? I need to return those books on Monday and I need to know which photographs I need copied for reference. Actually, weren't you planing to go out for something this morning?”

Mug emptied Ryuko put it aside and tossed the pillow back to where it had come from. Sliding off the bench both her arms went up to twist in a long stretch that continued down her shoulders, down her spine, and past the hem of her dress hiked well up over her butt. Striped panties also wedged up between her cheeks from the motion that likely put the former that way. Her voice was compressed by the motion and momentarily overtaken by a satisfying groan.

“You've been in here all week, you need a break, and I... need a second opinion.”

She was taken aback enough to pull her eyes off the exposed flesh, and point a raised brow toward Ryuko's face when it turned back around.

“You actually *want* my opinion on a shopping expedition?”

Ryuko rolled her eyes and leaned against the table while crossing her arms under bust.

“Some kind of opening exhibit shit is going down next week.”

“*Yes?* This relates *how* exactly?”

“You invited me.”

“I have invited you to every such event I have been involved with since you moved back from Rinne. You have thus far declined every one. I more than understand why, but I assumed you were not going to-”

“Well maybe don't just assume shit about me Eyebrows.”

She watched Ryuko swallow nervously while staring down at her. Setting her tea cup aside Satsuki folded her hands on the table, and looked at her fingers intertwining while carefully parsing the statement.

“*So*, if I am understanding this correctly, you are actually planning on attending?”

“Yeah. I didn't pack anything to wear for that kinda shindig though.”

“It is not black tie only *thankfully*, but isn't your apartment just a few hours drive away?”

“You think I keep fancy junk in my drawers either?”

“I am fairly certain you received a rather nice collared blouse that one time we all went shopping to build you a wardrobe. That and some decent slacks is *entirely sufficient* to meet dress code at-”

“It doesn't fit anymore.”

The blurted statement made Satsuki look back up at Ryuko, who had turned away to lean her butt back against the table edge. Her face out of view but noticeably pointed down at the swell contained by the turtle neck.

“I never bothered to replace some stuff cause I never really used it. And I'm guessing jeans and t-shirts are out *so*... I kinda need a whole... You coming with? Or, are you too busy?”

Satsuki got out of the bench herself to stand beside her, and found Ryuko's cheeks dusted pink again when she looked up. It was going to tighten her schedule, but she could never seriously refuse that face. *Or ever let Ryuko know that.*

“For you I will never *not* make time. I must ask though, are you going out *as you are*?”

Having received confirmation Ryuko shoved off the table to make her way toward a doorway, and along the way finally fixed her dress. While going through the motions of putting on coats and shoes Satsuki wondered if that had been an accident gone *somehow* unnoticed, or *intentional* for whatever reason the woman had decided on to do so.

She physically shook the notion from her head when Ryuko snapped her fingers and ran back to her room to grab her bag, *that was totally not a purse*, as loudly proclaimed anytime she mentioned it as such.

It could never have been intentional.

So she thought.

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Over the day they ended up driving to three separate malls in search of anything agreeable enough for Ryuko to actually entertain wearing. Each and every store's options in women's formal wear exhausted before going to the next. Every item along the way picked up by one torn down relentlessly by the other for each and every minute flaw it may, or may not, have had.

“It is just a slight flair.”

“Sats it's a pair of bell-bottoms.”

“And?”

“What period is the exhibit for?”

“About seventeen-hundred BCE. Why?”

“Yeah, not *nineteen-seventy*!”

“Putting the obvious *we are not part of the display* aside correct me if I am wrong, but every skirt you own is a mini *at most*. And how many of those items popularized in a *certain span*

of decades do you own again?”

“*Oi*, those are literally timeless.”

But the hours of back and forth through the many locations visited were not remotely a slog that would ever come to blows. For the most part it was actually constructive talk, and for both of them it was entirely lighthearted fare. Just two sisters going shopping like any two normal sisters would and, as Ryuko put it, *shooting the shit*.

Normal until after rejecting virtually every option Ryuko stopped trying to find the perfect pair of pants, and turned into racks upon racks of dresses. *Cocktail dresses*. From the first hanger she picked up to put against herself all Satsuki could see was the potential flattering appeal they were designed to provide. *Far* too easily able to mentally picture what each and every one would accentuate.

A dream of spending time together so normally became a nightmare.

Fingering a red shiny length of material put back for being *too shiny* she eventually tried to direct things away from the place, while Ryuko moved to another rack.

“You do remember that it is the middle of November right? These are not exactly in season.”

“Like I care about what's generally in season or not.”

“I meant in the literal sense. It is freezing outside, and for the sake of the materials on display the museum is always kept at a point below typical room temperature.”

Mindful of that *dress code* Ryuko picked up a black halter that ended at her knees, but turned back to shoot a raised eyebrow in a manner she'd subconsciously picked up from Satsuki.

“Again, this is *me* we're talking about.”

“I know that. But how many people stopping you to ask if you are a card carrying member of the *polar bear club* will it take to drive you up a wall?”

Ryuko actually paused to think about that, looked at the backless item, and put it back without a rebuttal.

“Okay, *that would suck...*”

Nodding in agreement she directed Ryuko by the shoulders out of there, and walked beside her as they found another store with a formal selection. But in an effort to try and appease the woman she compromised.

“If you are so set on the idea how about something *actually appropriate*?”

Physically directing her again Satsuki pushed her past rows of full suits until they reached gowns, and politely sent away commission payed staff she didn't need help from to just brows. Surrounded by flowing fabric and fancy designs Ryuko did start poking about, until she picked up a tag and balked.

“S-Sats, t-this is, uh... A bit... Much.”

Glancing over the woman's shoulder she found quite the number of zeros in a line. Simply reaching into her coat she pulled out a plastic card to poke Ryuko in the back with, and held it up to show her what it was when she turned around. Which made her immediately put her hands up to refuse.

“Sats I can't just let you spend-”

“I invited you out. It was never my intention to put you into debt to be able to actually go. I technically suggested this as well. Therefore I am paying for everything, and that is final.”

Ryuko blushed, and chewed her troubled lips with an inaudible mumble.

“What was that?”

But she turned around with a sigh and eventually gave an uncomfortable “*Fine*,” in answer while going back to browsing. While their back and forth restarted she was still much more careful when tugging things around. Pulling a white dress out she held it up as the next item for review.

“Sleeveless?”

“Solid otherwise. It'll work.”

“Simple.”

“I can accessorize.”

“Ryuko.”

“What? It's-”

“*Too simple*. Too unflattering. Something you normally wouldn't be caught dead in.”

“I don't normally wear formal shit at all.”

“I will not accept you choosing the cheapest *whatever* just because I said I would pay for it. I want you to get something you will actually *want* to wear.”

Taking the slip from her Satsuki put it back, glanced around, and pushed Ryuko deeper into the rows. Similar arguments playing out until Ryuko finally stopped looking at the price tag before looking at the dress. Which while refreshing brought them back to the woman refusing things. Beige and brown items deemed *obnoxiously frumpy*. Long thick layers too heavy, too restrictive. And so much as even touching a tweed over-jacket made Ryuko plant her hands on her hips and firmly declare “*No*.”

Row after row of indecision went on until they were going on opposite sides of the last one available. Only able to see each others head over it any suggestions were held up for the other to examine. Until Ryuko suddenly stopped flicking through things. Noting the stop Satsuki

craned her neck to watch her pull a black item up by its hanger, and her wide eyes after turning it around to inspect.

“Something interesting?”

She looked to Satsuki, then back down, then back up with genuine enthusiasm. But also the return of her blush.

“Maybe.”

“May I see?”

Ryuko checked its information, looked at the rack, and shook her head from side to side.

“I'm actually just going to try it on cause it has cleared the last hurdle.”

Before Satsuki could get around the row the woman was gone. When she got there she also found a mismatched collection of odds and ends put into one section making it impossible to tell what had been taken. Leaving it she walked to a different corner of the store and flagged down sales staff. That specific rack turned out to be limited stock items sent by corporate feeling for what people would buy, that hadn't sold for a variety of reasons. After successfully dancing around the attempts to help her pick something out herself she managed to get directions to the changing rooms.

Poking her head in she found a row of doors, and three of the seven were closed. Too late to even catch a glimpse of just what on earth the woman had taken she was ready to wait for however long it took to put on, but a buzz came from her cell. Pulling up a text it just contained the number five. Guessing a meaning she went down the row to the door labeled as such and knocked.

“*Open.*”

Venturing into the unknown she rotated the handle down, pushed the door in slowly as to not hit anything behind it, and found Ryuko in a tight black dress. Her left leg was visible through a slit all the way up to mid thigh, and her right through a line of small diamond cutouts covering the same distance. Her navel and abs were visible in a row of three more narrow pointed *vents* reaching up to her ribs, the top of her cleavage was showing in the bottom of another much larger cutout from material reaching up her neck, and tight long sleeves ending in loose cuffs each had a line of holes like on the leg down the outside edge from shoulder to forearm.

The nightmare returned in the form of a slinky evening gown.

They whispered under music that might as well have just been white noise from the ceiling. The damn blush that remained on the woman as she fidgeted with bits of the technically revealing thing made staying coherent a chore.

“The last hurdle was actually fitting you?”

“How's it look?”

“What is the back like?”

Ryuko motioned her head to one side. Realizing the far wall was a mirror Satsuki's first thought was how on earth had she missed that, the second was that the answer to the first was rather unfortunately obvious, and it only got worse when Ryuko turned in place to check her bust in that mirror herself. While technically not backless a zipper came down from under the back of her short hair, and stretched all the way down through the middle of a long downward tapered black mesh hexagon that started up there as well. Its translucent material crisscrossed with dozens of fake straps forming x's she could see a bra band through. Following the zipper down it came to an end at a bottom facing point where it technically started, but also the top of another diamond cutout just below it. A hole over the lowest point of the small of her back, which the back of her panties were currently showing through.

Holding her fist over her mouth to cover a lip bite Satsuki tried to formulate a condolence that would suffice over the unfortunate detail, until Ryuko turned back around.

“It is honestly very flattering on you-”

“We'll just have to make a second stop as well.”

Looking up at the woman's face she found a devious smile. One that had she not been in control of her internal strife she would swear was *knowing*.

“*Pardon?*”

“It's perfect. I just need to get some complimenting stuff.”

“Ryuko I am fairly certain you must have noticed, but the top of your butt is showing. Which I don't even need to check to know for certain is *strictly* against the dress code.”

“I have an idea for that. I saw it when we were walking around.”

“We can just find another dress without resorting to any kind of-”

Ryuko marched up to her, grabbed her by the front of her coat, and pulled her into the room to look her in the eye with a level of serious she hadn't seen in *years*.

“Satsuki you get a lot of your shit custom made. Do you have *any* idea how hard it is to find something that actually hugs the curves, when you have our kinda curves, without being a tent in places? Or how everything cute is made for people who look like wood planks!?”

“Somewhat? I *do* shop off the rack like anyone else for most of what I-”

“Price range Eyebrows. Price range.”

“If you have been troubled finding things I can get you in touch with-”

“Not the point. It fits, and it fits *fucking well*. *We're taking it*.”

There was a part of her trying hard to come up with a justification for *not* doing so. But when she looked down at the hands holding her in place, and the cleavage before her, the *other half* put up a significant fight. It was wrong, and it was going to be hell on her psyche, but she was intrigued by just how Ryuko would solve the issue. It was that deeper part of her mind that wanted to bed the woman before her that got hold of her mouth first.

“Okay. If you-”

From the first word powerful arms released her coat, encircled her neck, and pulled her in for a hug. They had done so many times before, but after her hands unsure where to go brushed their way across smooth black fabric to the mesh panel sparks fired down to her core.

It just *had* to be as silken as her tormented bed-sheets stretched across a queen size mattress far too large to ever forget being alone in. There was significant effort in putting the rest of that sentence out after that, and an internal note of thanks that she was the one currently facing the mirror instead of the head on her shoulder.

“If you change your mind we still have days to go looking elsewhere before the date.”

They were interrupted by a woman that made them both jump out of the hug to face the intrusion.

“Hey, one person per room! It's policy-y... W-Wow, that really suits you!”

Spotting a name tag they looked at each other and relaxed. Attempting to explain Satsuki got out two words before Ryuko cut in.

“We are-”

“Done here, I'll be out in a sec Sats. You, you can ring this up right?”

And like that the sales woman practically salivating for a commission got Satsuki out of the room, and started listing available services she was forced to politely endure until Ryuko came out in her own clothes with dress in hand. Moved along they were shuffled to a register, tags were scanned, security devices removed, and transaction completed in minutes. Item deposited in a long bag she received by the hanger Satsuki was equally as quick in getting them out of the store, and away from the woman who practically climaxed in front of them when the payment cleared. But not quick enough to escape one last sentence cheerily yelled after them.

“Best of luck on the date ladies!”

Satsuki pushed them faster to clear the store, and field of onlookers who had turned toward the call.

“The danger of only catching part of a sentence and making public assumptions...”

But a tug on her arm slowed her down.

“I mean, she wasn't wrong though.”

Satsuki stopped in place, and turned her head to silently stare at Ryuko until the latter got uncomfortable.

“W-What?”

“*Us. On a date... Us.*”

Ryuko looked away while scratching her cheek in a way she always seemed to do when she was nervous, but made her case.

“Y-You can take anybody on a friggan date Eyebrows... We had one with three people. Friends or family go to prom er some shit like that all the time. So like... *We* can go on a date somewhere. Hell, we *are* on a *date* right now. Sorta. And then we're going to the museum thing. It's just the whole, *ya know*, the details are specific to our... circumstance.”

When she looked back with a little frown and blush Satsuki felt like if her heart beat any faster it would explode. Breaking the eye contact by glancing down at her feet to breath she hummed in thought over it. This wasn't happening. This couldn't be happening. She must be reading everything wrong because she was wrong in the head.

But the way it had been said so intently argued that maybe, *just maybe*, there was a tiny sliver of a space for it to be what she thought it could be. And that little ray of the impossible was like a life preserver she latched onto to pull her through.

“Technically speaking I *suppose* it would count wouldn't it.”

Ryuko grabbed her hand and tugged her forward to get them going again, and didn't let go when she kept pace.

“I think it counts. So there.”

“Logically, of course.”

“*Yeah*. So, we're going on a date together then. A second one.”

“Yes. I suppose we are.”

Falling into silence as they made their way through crowds hand in hand Satsuki was next tugged back when Ryuko came to a sudden stop, then pulled in a different direction out of the crowds into an open entry way. Having paid little attention to anything other than the hand clasped to her own she hadn't the slightest idea *where* Ryuko had actually been taking her. She didn't know what to expect when looking up from black tile flooring, but finding herself standing before a thong clad mannequin was a bit of a shock.

Still being led around she recognized that she had been dragged headfirst into a *worst case scenario*. That only got worse when she was dragged clear past simple baskets of boy-shorts and t-shirt bras, to offerings that ranged from the risque to the downright *risky to wear*.

“*R-Ryuko what are we-*”

“This.”

Colliding into her Satsuki was still mindful enough to actually stop instead of plowing through her when Ryuko found what she was looking for. From the mirror polished surface behind the display Satsuki could tell they were *both* blushing to varying degrees, but Ryuko had let go to occupy her hands with the circular table next to a standing plastic figure. Its paper white surface clad in pure lust inspired black finery from top to bottom. No other reason could ever explain why anyone would attach a gigantic black bow to a pair of panties, or have decorative corset style lacing adorn the outside of each cup up above.

“*Yes! They at least have one.*”

Ryuko gave a whisper of triumph as she picked a bra up, and pulled a pile of things into her arms. Which forced Satsuki to do a double take between her and the mannequin.

“Are you intending to actually *put this on?*”

“This is how I make it work.”

“*This!?*”

“Y-Yup, come on.”

With her arms full Ryuko looked around, and started moving again to reach another section of changing rooms. Going through a door Satsuki was left to lean against the opposite wall. Her ears just able to make out the rustle of fabric as she imagined the process Ryuko was taking to strip and change.

The mental image was frankly *maddening*.

Thankfully it stopped after what felt like an eternity, but then the door opened for Ryuko to motion her over. Moving up to hand off the bag Ryuko grabbed her arm instead, opened the door inward more, and pulled her in before closing it behind them.

And the nightmare reached critical mass. When Ryuko turned around they ended up just looking at each other awkwardly. While lacking anything for the clips from a black belt to hold up it was in place over her own panties, and under the new ridiculous ones. The bow was as wide as her hips, sat high on her butt, and had two ribbon tails that draped down to her thighs. Own bra left on top of a pile made on a chair the new one was the only thing containing her upper half in any way.

She'd seen the woman bare naked a handful of times. In provocative combat thong, and compromising positions that come from lazing about at home, significantly more often. But the inexplicable need to drink it all in was all consuming.

She stared. She knew she stared, but the draw to do so was just too much.

Eventually Ryuko got them moving again, while blushing up a storm.

“G-Get the dress out.”

Given a purpose in this madness Satsuki got to work unpacking it while trying to keep things from becoming awkwardly silent again.

“So, does everything feel alright?”

“Bottom's a little odd with the whole...”

“A little.”

But the talk was a double edged sword that swung back when Ryuko took direction of the discussion.

“D-Do you like it?”

“*Do I like it?*”

“Well, you've tried to date women. I've tried as well...”

“Not that anything ever worked out beyond a first date.”

“Y-Yeah, but we both... So, I figure...”

“It's... Bold. I can't imagine it was ever intended to be... to be worn with clothes over it though.”

“R-Right, right. *But...*”

“But?”

Finally extracting the hanger Satsuki put the dress over her shoulder to hang the bag up on a hook. Holding on to it she undid the zipper, and waited for further instruction as Ryuko continued. Some drawn together willpower of her own stopping her from stammering as she wrung her hands.

“But do you like it?”

“Is it comfortable?”

“*Actually*, more than you would think for a novelty. *The price might have something to do with that though.*”

“Then does my opinion matter?”

“Yes! *I mean*, yes. You offered to pay for everything, but you always matter.”

“It... It fits you. I mean as in it suits your... Figure. Your frame... Yes, yes I do.”

“Cool! *Cool...* Okay. So I need to get *these* through *that*.”

With her fingers Ryuko tugged at the fabric on her hips, and pointed to the back of the dress.

“That bow is not fitting in this hole without possibly tearing something or mangling it beyond recognition.”

Gingerly Ryuko bent over to pull them down her legs, giving Satsuki a view straight down her chest as she *stripped*. But instructions followed.

“I know. So this is what we do. You bring that down so I can step into the back, then I feed the actual panties through the hole to step into them as well.”

“Which would leave the bow stuck outside.”

“*Which...*”

Ryuko smiled when Satsuki finally nodded in understanding.

“...Covers the hole.”

“Exactly!”

“I will admit it is clever, but I can already see a logistical issue that could be a problem with such an arrangement.”

“*About that...*”

With the item in her hands she flipped them around to show Satsuki what was under the bow and its lacy waistband. Structurally it was comprised of two separate wide lace strips that met in the middle where fake corset lacing held them together, but the split ran all the way down and around where more such lacing was doing the same for the front. But the area with the gusset was actually just two separate reinforced strips presentably held together by a disposable liner gently glued to the inside.

Because of course the day Imouto literally dragged her into a lingerie fitting room she would be trying on *crotch-less assemblies* in front of her.

Satsuki looked at her with knitted brows until Ryuko gave her a confident “*I’ll manage Sats.*” She nodded once trusting the woman knew just what she was collectively getting herself into for the sake of a dress, but continued with other apprehensions.

“Won’t people realize what it is attached to? Especially if any of *that* somehow gets shown.”

“Who’s gonna think that the literal *gigantic ass-bow* is actually part of the panties and not the dress?”

“If you saw an ad somewhere around the front of this place in passing then I imagine others would as well at some point.”

“It’s a fabric bow. A big fabric bow, but still just a black bow that just so happens to be the same shade of black as the dress. Who says its not just a similar bow? Can pretty much guarantee *nobody else* is gonna bring their own to compare it with, or publicly admit to owning it otherwise.”

“You are hedging that, among any other women there, *mutually assured destruction* will stop them from saying anything if they realize it, so as to not publicly admit to ownership of *extremely skimpy novelty panties*?”

“...Yes. And you said it yourself, *that bow is not fitting in that hole without possibly tearing something*, right? It *obviously* can't be from anything beneath because it would be impossible to put on. *Normally*.”

If it had been anyone else Satsuki couldn't see it working. But Ryuko was just the right amount of stubborn, and crazy, to maybe pull it off. So she knelt down to position the dress as needed. With some awkward twisting and squatting down in close proximity Ryuko got into position.

“Okay.”

“So now we both pull up at the same time?”

“Slowly.”

“Of course.”

Rising up carefully to be at the same pace they kept finding each others eyes in between bits of staring down to see what they were doing, and trying not to stare at each others blush in the process while forced to do so by positioning. Reaching Ryuko's waist Satsuki held there while she adjusted things around her legs as needed. Complex job done Ryuko took the rest of the dress from there on her own to bring it up and thread her arms into the sleeves.

Taking the initiative Satsuki went around her to help zip up the back. While standing there she looked beside Ryuko's head to the mirror, and then down to the fruit of their efforts. Lightly grabbing the edges of the bow she neatened it up, and tried to see if there were any positions it could fail its duty from. Until Ryuko made a noise grabbing at the front of her crotch and she remembered what it was attached to.

“*A-Apologies.*”

“W-Well?”

It was honestly perfect for the job. Same color, same luxurious finish, and even at its furthest points not big enough to be obstructive. Eyeing upward though she pointed out that while the minimalist bra band was also mostly sheer, it was still somewhat recognizable among the crossing lines up Ryuko's spine.

She only realized she had put her hands on Ryuko's hips and had run them upward along her flanks when a second pair came back to grab her wrists. Trying to pull back as if from an open flame Ryuko's inhumanly powerful arms prevented her from retreating so much as a millimeter.

Shooting her eyes up to the mirror while frantically formulating an excuse she stopped when she found Ryuko's face. Her head was tilted forward enough to hide her eyes, but under

intensely red cheeks was a small smile instead of an expected frown.

Slowly she tugged Satsuki's hands forward, and brought them further up to her breasts. Then took the step back to put her spine against Satsuki's chest. Head turned away the full bore of the scent spritzed on her neck overpowered everything else in the air.

“Ryu... Ryuko?”

A voice turned low and throaty answered as they whispered virtually into each others ear.

“W-Well... Go on. And tell me what you think.”

The need overflowing from within was powerful enough to blow her indecisive shock aside, and being outright given permission to do so she spread her fingers and cupped the black material. Ran over the barely noticeable ridges coming through the dress from the bra beneath. Looking forward to the reflection she could just make them out when stretching fabric taught between her digits.

“The bra is still noticeably ribbed.”

“F-For her pleasure, of course.”

The raunchy statement drove her to grip as much of them as would fit in her grasp to give them a proper squeeze. The little breathy moan it, and the continued slow rough kneading, elicited just too much for a woman to bear.

She couldn't take it anymore.

As quickly as Satsuki could managed she pinned Ryuko's back to a wall, grabbed her face with both hands, and tilted her head to finally take those *damningly tantalizing forbidden lips*. When a tongue struck back it pulled a feint to one side to slip past her own, swirled around inside her mouth, and pressed on an offensive to rub against every nook of her own weapon in this war until she could force it back. Like jousting they turned, weaved, and battled for spatial control of their twisting intimate battlefield.

Until the world swam, and opening her eyes the searing whiteout of adrenaline rushed to overtake Satsuki's failing senses.

Pulling away to gasp she threw her head back, and fought the layers on her chest to vent her lungs with a fresh supply of air. Stumbling back from the embrace she fell into the chair while dazed and panting. She looked down when she could see again, and found the disheveled woman from her dreams looking back, sultry happy lip bite and all.

“S-Sats?”

“Yeah?”

“Did you... *fucking think... that you were the only one who has been holding back the unbearably fucked up need to fucking plow her hot sister?*”

“*Yes?*”

Ryuko's knees crashed together as she slid a little down the wall. Even after technically winning the kissing *bout of endurance* her weak legs slowly kept giving though, until she slid all the way down to the floor. Minutes passed while they collected themselves, and tried to gauge their feelings. Eventually she managed to pull her knees up and rest her forehead on them.

“*Neh, Sats?*”

“... Yeah?”

“Which is closer mine or yours?”

“Mine.”

“*Now.*”

“Now?”

“*Now!*”

Marshaling her muscles to order Satsuki got up, and feeling a crackle under her turned to look back at a poor striped garment she'd landed on. Its outer surface bulging at the points wires formerly keeping its lower shape together lay snapped, and otherwise bent at odd angles.

Using the wall as a brace until she could stand unassisted Ryuko got up, and started doing everything needed to get out of the assembled garment engineering solution. Satsuki assisted where she could, but when Ryuko got down to her last scrap of underwear her own back found itself against a wall. Things quickly turned into another round of rough mouth-to-mouth.

By the time Ryuko started grinding against a leg shoved between her knees she remembered they needed to leave to get any deeper then that, and managed to force a temporary stop to keep things moving. Packing up the dress she asked Satsuki to grab her clothes from the chair and hand them over. At which point Satsuki stopped, making her stop to turn around while holding her chest with an arm.

“What?”

“I don't wish to alarm you, *but...*”

Gingerly she picked up a strap and held the garment out for Ryuko to take. Turning it over the woman let out a frustrated sigh.

“*Really Eyebrows?*”

“You know the dress does not seem to be *compatible* with such items as it is... If you are so set on it I am afraid you just might have to get used to going without-”

“Later.”

Ryuko roughly stuffed the item into her *not-purse*, grabbed the red dress, and threw it over her head before slipping on her coat.

“I-”

“Satsuki we are going to talk about it later, for now *move your ass before I start slapping it!*”

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Together they managed to grab everything and headed for the front of the store. But while standing at the register Ryuko asked for Satsuki, and the cashier, to wait before wandering off at a jog. She quickly returned with a handful of panties she put on the counter, alongside a small black bottle of *warming cherry flavored lubricant*. Even the young woman manning the register took a blushing second before continuing to ring things up. Satsuki looked at Ryuko with a powerfully arched brow until the woman actually glanced back out of the corner of her eye.

“*W-What?*”

Satsuki managed to mouth out a silent “*Why?*” that got Ryuko to lean in to her ear.

“*Trust me.*”

While still at a loss she accepted that as good enough reason to allow it, but the details made her lean back to whisper herself.

“*Why cherry?*”

Taking a deep breath Ryuko looked at her about ready to die from embarrassment as it was, but rolled her eyes and walked off again. She returned with a second nearly identical small bottle she slapped on the counter much less discreetly. Her whisper more of a loud hiss through her teeth.

“*Vanilla. Happy!?*”

With everything scanned and placed into a fancy square gift style bag emblazoned with bright colors, which was the only thing that could actually accommodate it all, the cashier coughed to get their attentions.

“Is that everything?”

Looking to Ryuko to be sure there wasn't *anything else* she got a nod, so Satsuki confirmed that it was and paid. Now taking a bag each they turned for the exit, but the cashier gave them a second call out for the day on their way out.

“Enjoy your *uh* w-weekend, and remember to get plenty of water in!”

Satsuki once again attempted to rush, but Ryuko got hold of her free hand and waved back with the new bag. Only then letting them get up to a healthy walk toward the parking garage.

On the drive back to Satsuki's Ryuko took a red light as an opportunity to steal a hand off the wheel. She dragged it down with fingers captured and left it between them on the center console, and despite her still pink cheeks happily looked out the passenger window. Feeling Satsuki's hesitation she spoke up.

“We *are* doing this, right? *All the way?*”

“Yes, but-”

“But what?”

“I would wish nothing more than to just ride off into the sunset with you happily ever after, but that is not how life works.”

“Well, what's the problem?”

“Being so *public* about this so suddenly.”

“People don't know we are anything more than two chicks holding hands, *a-and buying tiny panties together but that's still sorta normal.*”

“Some *do*. Not many but some.”

“You think they would do something?”

She waited to come to another stop before carefully answering.

“I have *no idea* what they may or may not do if they learned we were so much as attempting to bridge the gap between siblings and...”

She turned her head in when the intertwined fingers let go. Finding their way into her coat they pulled her toward the middle where a pair of lips found her mouth. Short simple kiss, while nothing more than a fleeting moment, still brought her skin alive with rolling comforting warmth that mixed with the smells of the woman in a *one two* punch to her core. When it broke Ryuko cupped her cheek and gave her that breathy voice again.

“*The only gap you should think about right now is the one between my thighs your head is going between very soon to pay me back.*”

Looking back and forth between her and the road she managed to catch the green light, and kept them going while Ryuko retreated back to her half of the front seating. Hearing a shuffle of fabric Satsuki glanced aside to find Ryuko unbuttoning her coat, and crossing her legs by raising the left ankle over her right knee. Space showing the bare inner thigh dangerously close to her womanhood.

“I must remind you that I need to be able to concentrate to get us there.”

A quick glance showed no change in Ryuko's position, but she was smiling in that devious way again.

“You've concentrated through worse. Also, light's green.”

Along the way to the next stop she heard another rustle. Upon getting there she found Ryuko stretching her arms up, and when they came back down to her lap her chest was free of the coat. Red material providing no resistance to a pair of points excitedly poking up into it.

Her next check came when she heard the small snap of a plastic bottle cap being lifted, and the tearing of a foil seal. Glancing over she almost hit the brakes when Ryuko squeezed a tiny amount of whitish gel onto a finger, and pushed it down the front of her panties to rub it around. Her sharp breath in giving way to a long languid breath out as she worked the test amount of substance into her folds.

“*Ohhh, fuck that works quick.*”

“Ryuko whatever it is you're doing, must you do it *now!*?”

Her response came at the next light. Looking over Ryuko found her eyes, and brought the finger up to her mouth to lick and suck it clean.

“You said elevator route, *I'm just getting ready for the second we get there.*”

On Monday morning Satsuki had to make a call to get an extension on the reference books loan.

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When the night came it was as if a piece of it materialized into human form and sashayed past velvet ropes to invade the stoic air of the museum. A being that every academic researcher, mildly wealthy donor financially backing the preservation work, and regular collection curator present could tell at a glance was not a usual attendee. More than one *regular* discreetly asked security who she was, but every time they did the front reception desk would send back that she was the one allowable personal guest of a *presenter*.

With an aura of unapproachable air protecting her she slowly made her way through the designated open for the night spaces alone. Stopping here and there to give those few exhibits that may have interested her a once over before going to the next.

Until one person finally did approach her.

With her short hair tied up in a messy bun, a pair of reading glasses on her nose, and simple blouse and pencil skirt from the office earlier in the day she was not out of place among those

present. A handful of papers in her hand the speech notes she was supposed to be going over, before catching sight of her guest and quickly excusing herself from a circle of organizers.

But out of everything, and everyone, thus far the unassuming Kiryuin was what lit up the mysterious woman's eyes and got her undivided attention.

“Eyebrows. Why do you look like you should be terrorizing small children with threats of stealing their dimes if they don't move heaven and earth to return *Doctor Seuss* to his *holding pen* on schedule?”

Visibly Satsuki deflated in posture but she smiled through her sigh. She expected absolutely nothing less, and wouldn't have it any other way.

“I am *extremely* sorry. I told you over the phone that work-”

Ryuko put up her hands to make Satsuki stop, grabbed the woman by the shoulders, and just gave her a peck on the lips that raised eyebrows all around the room. Including her own while Ryuko let go.

“Shit happens, I managed. *Go on.*”

“I... *Right*. I had to go from work directly, didn't have much time, so let's just say this is me with *my hair down* trying to *not* terrorize the people of the cultural heritage society.”

“Are you seriously trying to tell me that *Clark Kent shit* actually works?”

Rolling her eyes Satsuki got behind her and gently pushed her along to introduce her to a handful of people. Those she'd been working alongside to produce what she did in her studio, who were collectively surprised to meet her, but welcoming to *Miss Kiryuin's girlfriend* all the same. She then showed Ryuko to her front row seat in a folding chair to the night's speeches, new piece unveilings, and short academic lectures on a number of items brought in on loan from institutions for the event.

To be completely honest Ryuko didn't have a single clue what most of any of it all was. They used terms she didn't know, referenced people she never heard of, and mentioned events that everyone else around her seemed to just accept as things that actually happened some *long ass time ago*.

But with her butt firmly planted in that seat she sat through all four hours of it without falling asleep or wandering off in boredom. Satsuki gave her fifteen minute presentation, received her polite applause, and most importantly of all smiled at the two thumbs up from a woman in the front row who was there just for her.

When the *academic hoopla* was over, and the socialite schmoozing began, Ryuko suddenly found herself a center of attention. Be it the smolder of the smitten, study of the appreciative, or daggers of the jealous the eyes were collectively too much. She slipped out to a balcony open to the night air to escape it all. Not long after joined by Satsuki.

“Do you by any chance now have thoughts to share on the Imari style?”

Ryuko just groaned and grabbed her head while bent forward to rest her elbows on a metal railing. Still smiling Satsuki took the glasses from her face and tucked them into a pocket on the front of her blouse. Leaning back with her own elbows on the same thing keeping them from falling into a small garden she stared up at the building.

“I may have figured as much, but *I didn't want to assume*. It was worth a shot.”

Picking her head up Ryuko looked at her, looking back down to meet the gaze Satsuki put a hand on her shoulder and gave it a squeeze.

“But seriously... Thank you, for coming.”

Rising up Ryuko slid the half step over to put her chin on Satsuki's shoulder, and whispered while walking two fingers up from the woman's stomach to her chest.

“Any chance you could repeat that in oh, I don't know, a few hours when we get back to your place... and get you out of this little boring number... and ruin your bedding again?”

Thoughtfully looking up toward the sky Satsuki gave her a lengthy hum.

“My bedding?”

“If you wanna downgrade and shack it up in a guest twin in your own house I don't have a problem with it, but that means *somebody* is gonna end up sleeping in a wet spot and that is-”

Reaching up Satsuki curled a finger up into the band of dress around Ryuko's neck to cut her off. Gentle lead used to move the woman slightly up and back so she could see her face.

“You misunderstand me. If I recall correctly your lease is up in a few months. While I would never wish to dictate your life for you, I feel I must inform you that you will not be seeking an extension for that little apartment.”

“I'm not?”

“Affirmative.”

“*Huh*. Then where oh where am I supposed to park all my shit?”

“Oh I imagine there is someone you know who would be *more* than willing to take you in.”

“*Hmm...* You think Nonon would really let me crash on her couch?”

“I do believe she would burn it before ever allowing it to be used as such.”

“Well *golly gee that puts me in quite the pickle!* Mako is kinda far now too.”

“*Ryuko.*”

Both standing up Satsuki still held the woman before her smiling like the devil at her expense, lest the creature of the night vanish with glee at achieving its mission to aggravate.

“I do believe we both understand what I meant.”

“*Maybe.*”

“So will you?”

“*Will I what?*”

Releasing Ryuko's dress she reached up higher to grab the woman's jaw from below and ran her thumb around to pull at a soft lower lip. Shifting the grasp she ended up simply gently pinching a pointed chin.

“Will my well endowed pain-in-the-ass please pack her bags of provocative panties, bring boxes of beautiful bras, and plant her pleasantly plump posterior in my depressingly deprived of permanent-perverse-bedfellow bedroom?”

Leaning in to the point their lips were naught but a breath apart she looked into Satsuki's eyes, and spread her arms to grab the railing on either side behind the woman.

“Now was that so hard?”

“Ryuko I have been on my feet all day. I promise I will help you out of that when we get back and make up for my dereliction. Please just fucking kiss me already.”

Obliging the lady Ryuko swept her arms up and around Satsuki's back to pull her the last inch in needed to partake of her lips. Small kiss after kiss given until finally giving into the promise of a properly indulgent profession of passionate love.

It may not have been the first, but so long as either of them had a say in the matter it most assuredly wouldn't be the last.

End Notes

And the silence breaks. I'm sorry to everyone who's been messaging and checking constantly for updates for the absence, but some minor health issues combined with a final college semester plus graduation have made things busy as one can imagine.

I do entirely intend to keep writing, but please understand that *I* don't even know what my schedule will look like over time so when that happens is anyone's guess. Hopefully not long. Until then, have a self-indulgent technically little one-shot of odd ideas.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!